

Fiona Apple

"On the Run"

Visit "[On the Run](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Red 1] Representing all elements, Rascalz

CHORUS 1 [Red 1] {Rascalz}
{These MCs}
We represent hip hop
{Got plenty}
Of what you need is top
{21st century}
And it ain't gon' stop
{Show no entry}
Now we got the world on lock

[Misfit]

We set, they say the best is yet to come in triple threat
Stay balling, quick enough to move in any direct
Detect what comes next man, that's a magnet
You're better off playing a one man game of roulette
Just get out of your seat MC, get back from the street
I aim for that because everything else is secondary
Yo bitter sweet, but it makes my whole steez complete
Too many raw hits and money driving them to deceit
My name Misfit, the neek shit as I speak
My raps straight to your head, like turbans to a Sheik
Making your future bleak, it's not my fault you're weak
It's Fitnredi microphone tag teams we freak
No doubt, locking it down down
Built it from the ground ground
With the illest sound (sound), let that shit resound
You looking like a clown (clown), with you're droopy
frown (frown)
Wishing you had my crown (crown) for wrecking the
underground
See we don't stop, Vancity got the remedy
Connect with Alchemist over the track like midi
So now you stuck on the way we drop bombs
So check for more on your worldwide dot com

CHORUS 1

CHORUS 2 [Misfit] {Red 1}
So you can run but you can't hide
{Battle cry, b-boys got the place live}

DJs cut it up in the meanwhile
{MCs dig your flows with your ill styles}

[Red 1]

No doubt like orientals with the essentials
My flow diload the mic utensil
Official credentials penetrate your temple
And can be impeached 'cause we presidential
So we do it how we want and let it be told
We run up in your mouth and your house and unload
With the steet code, deadly and accurate
In defense mode, yo we don't start shit
I'm an intellect occupied with collecting
Used to be a nice guy, now feel no affection
Heartless artist move stealth and cautious
Nauseous when rhyme, strive to be flawless
And as the rawest 'cause we can't lay the charge
Pimping ain't easy, but it ain't that hard
When the squad ??? and on the job do the duty
Yodon't get it twisted like g-string in the booty
'Bout the rudy, it be the Don Red 1
Rock well stay finger ruby showgun
Global Warning eclipsing like the sun
Yo there's no sense hiding, there's no place to run

CHORUS 2

"Ah yeah" **scratched by Alchemist**

[Misfit]

Yo styles I run, listen to the champion
Phenomenon, Fitnredi can done
Rock the podium, my mellow mics just for fun
The audiotorium will get blessed from the shining sun

[Red 1]

Yo God, I'm stunning on the run
Yo it just don't stop
We represent all elements relevant to hip hop
So your sound just flop when the Rascalz drop
'Cause we just freaked y'all from the bottom to the top

CHORUS

"Word up" **scratched by Alchemist**

Visit [Fiona Apple](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.